THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

To give a conspicuous place to the following article affords us peculiar pleasure, not merely from the subject, which is sufficiently agreeable, but because we have a very high respect for the literature and *principles* of its orthodox authour. He has had the glorious privilege of being educated in a seminary where sober Experience is venerated rather than madcap Theory, and where Fanaticism, both in Religion and Politicks is held in SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT by all the learned and the loyal.

IN the preface to the "Robin's Petition" p. 46, it is said "The Robin-red-breast of England appears to be not only a favourite of every family, but the very nightingale of the poets." This is an errour* into which the Editor of The Port Folio has been led by ornithologists who have not given proper descriptions of these celebrated birds. The difference, however, between them is more than generick. They are of different species. Perhaps it would not be disagreeable to the readers of the English poets, to have a more accurate description of them than has hitherto been given.

The *rubecula*, or robin-red-breast of Europe, resembles, in colour, the robin† of America, but it is in appearance much more neat and delicate; and its size is similar to that of the blue-bird of this country. Every infant is inspired with a superstitious respect for this bird as well as the wren;‡ being taught as soon as they can speak that

The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.

There are some strokes which are delicately descriptive of the habits of the robin, in Peter Pindar's tale of the magpie and robin. Although a domestick bird, in the spring it retires to coppices, groves, lonely habitations, solitary churches, old castles and woods. In the legendary ballad of The Children in the Wood, it is poetically said that

Robin-red-breast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

In its lonely retreats it continues to chant its morning and evening hymn, in notes mild, plaintive and soothing; but not various and loud as those of the nightingale; and

* In this place the ingenious authour has misunderstood the Editor. The latter merely meant to say, in his metaphorical manner, that the robin was as great a favourite of the *poets* as the nightingale herself, and equally celebrated in *their* songs. He never dreamed of any other resemblance between these birds.

† From this similarity of colour, the American robin, which in reality is the red-breast thrush, was misnamed by the first emigrants to this country.

‡ I frequently see the wren in this country, but it is called by some other name.

it is not at all shy of the human observer. In the fall of the year it returns to the busy haunts of men, where, on the highest sprays of the elm or poplar, it hails the approach of the sun, or sings its requiem to departing day. When the ground is covered with snow, it familiarly enters the houses, and picks up the crumbs, to the great delight of the family, of whatever sex or age.

But, on the other hand, the nightingale is the most solitary of all the feathered tribes. It is a bird of passage which makes its first appearance about the 20th of April, and never is seen after July. There is no variety in its plumage, which is of the most delicate brown imaginable, and its eyes are of the purest black. Its haunts are the most solitary that can be found; but it frequently makes its abode in gentlemen's gardens, where the shrubberies are thickly interwoven with woodbine, honeysuckle, eglantine, and other aromatick shrubs which are capable of screening the songster from human observation, of which it is extremely shy. The quickset hedges which divide the fields in England, are thickly interwoven with the woodbine, honeysuckle, eglantine, nightshade, and other plants which afford a sombrous shade; and these situations are the resort of the nightingale, which never visibly associates, even with its own kind. This bird is a size larger than the robin; i. e. about the size of the American hangnest, here called the red robin. The poet who describes the Italian piper as overpowering and destroying Philomela, certainly did that feathered tribe great injustice; as no Cremona, or other instrument could ever equal the sweetness, force, clearness, and variety of the voice of the nightingale, which admits every kind and degree of modulation; from what musicians call G bass to D in alt. The robin never sings in the night, or the nightingale in the day, unless in dark cloudy weather, or in the most gloomy covert. But all night long, for about three months, is a great part of Europe enraptured by their divine and enchanting sounds, which, in a still night can be heard more than a mile. Simple ideas, as Mr. Locke has observed, cannot be described; therefore it would be useless for me to attempt describing the voice of the nightingale; nor can any musical instrument give any thing like an adequate idea of that divine melody. It was formerly my practice to stand hours, almost every night, at my chamber window, to hear that melody which, in my opinion, was superiour to the harmony Milton speaks of, which

—— suspended hell,
And took with ravishment the thronging audience.

You one moment hear, as Walcot says, an

——unpresuming sound,
Afraid dim nature's deep repose to wound.

that in an instant is swelled to the most powerful degree, which holds you, as it were, by enchantment, and you feel as if all nature were, at once, dissolved into the sweetest sensations of sound. But Milton shall speak for me again, as his words are more descriptive than any I can put together:

—— A soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose, like a stream of rich, distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air that even Silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still, to be so displac'd.

Mrs. Radcliffe has also touched this subject with a delicate hand. "It was musick so sweet, so solemn! it seemed like the hymn of angels descending through the silence of night! Now again it died away, and Fancy almost beheld the holy choir reascending towards heaven; then again it swelled with the breeze, trembled awhile—again died into silence! It paused; rose again in mournful sweetness, and then died in a cadence that seemed to bear the listening soul to heaven!"

For The Port Folio.

ON COMPOSITION.

The art of composition and the study of language have, of late, been sedulously cultivated. The precision, per-

spicuity and nervous elegance which are required in the present age, were unknown to many of our predecessours; and it is a curious speculation to trace how much of philosophy and metaphysical research depend on the accurate choice of phrases.

It has been often objected to the study of languages, that it is a search after words rather than ideas; but words are simply the signs of ideas, and are, in fact, the only means by which their originals can be conveyed. When we perceive the use of etymology in fixing the precise signification of words, we must allow that the study of various languages is not without its use; though we cannot deny even in our own, accurately considered, there are yet many unexplored mines of wealth, that every day refine and harmonize the English tongue: this the numerous publications of the age sufficiently attest, very few of which are now deficient in those graces of style which were formerly very rarely to be met with.

The abstract science of universal grammar is, perhaps, one of the most abstruse studies that can be pointed out. To reduce the principles of all languages to a few leading rules—to point out where vernacular idioms differ, and wherein they agree —to discriminate between the nice shades of almost synonymous expressions—to lead the way to nervous precision, judicious arrangement, and all the various beauties of composition, demand a mind, at once comprehensive and intelligent, an attention unwearied and acute, and a judgment well regulated and refined. Yet when we observe the variety of opinions in the world, on points which seem calculated to draw all thinking minds to one centre, we cannot help imagining such diversity to arise from a want of precision in terms, and to fancy that a perfect universal grammarian would be the best peacemaker in all the regions of philosophy! Far then be it from the candid and liberal mind to despise the researches of the grammarian or the etymologist; nor let the still humbler critick, who confines himself to the simple investigation of those beauties of which the more scientifick philologists point out the causes, be thought to labour in an ungrateful soil. Every one who adds a portion, however small, to the beauty of writings adds, at least, an equal quota to the allurements of literature; and he who develops the causes and principles of such beauty, and enables others to detect the hidden, yet attractive charms of arrangement and composition, opens to those who would otherwise be mere common readers, a new source of pleasure and amusement.

It has been remarked, that the nearer a language approaches to perfection, the fewer perfectly synonymous terms it possesses. The refinement which gradually improves every object, gives to every word a slight tinge of meaning, which its nearest synonyma cannot supply; and it is by attention to these delicate variations, that language has acquired the degree of refinement which at present adorns it: and of all the beauties which the delicacy (some call it fastidiousness) of the present age has taught us to admire, none can, perhaps, more obviously tend to the real improvement of language, than precision in terms.

It is always with something like disappointment and mortification that the thinking reader meets with ill-chosen words, in writers otherwise elegant and correct; and there are few mistakes of the kind which strike with greater disgust than where a term, which is derived from a philosophical root, is applied in an improper manner. The word *palpable*, for instance is often misused in lieu of *evident*, *apparent*, &c. Nothing can grate more harshly on the ear. It would be nearly as accurate, to talk of hearing a smell, or smelling a sound, as to convey the idea of feeling (that is touching) an appearance. *Palpable* so decidedly applies to those objects that are perceptible to the touch, that, when thus misused, it recals Mrs. Slipslop to the reader or hearer's mind.

I mean not to remark on those colloquial barbarisms which often dis-

grace the conversation of many persons who would write, at least tolerable grammar; yet a very slight degree of attention might prevent such faults, without giving the least appearance of pedantry: but my present intention is, to observe on a few of the leading features of written language, in order to enable some readers to peruse a well-composed book with greater relish, and some writers to pay attention to circumstances which at present they disregard as trivial.

There ought to be general characters of wholeness in every composition, to which all inferiour parts ought to tend. Every species of writing has its peculiar and characteristick beauties, and it is necessary to avoid, as a fault, those which belong to another class. The steady, didactick style of argumentative writing is disgraced, not adorned, by the brilliancy of imagination, or by pathetick appeals to the feelings. The page of history requires a clear and luminous style, neither involved in intricacy, nor tricked out in metaphor. The stronger passions may be allowed to employ figurative language, because the common tone of conversation is not sufficiently energetick to display their force; but the true pathos is founded on simplicity. In this manner, each style of writing has its own appropriate beauties, which cease to be such when forced into the service of other branches; and many thoughts and expressions, in themselves *admirable*, lose all their merit, and even become faults, when placed where they have no right to be found.

There are, however, beauties which belong equally to every style of writing, among which perspicuity holds a distinguished place. That book can never be well written which requires each page to be read over a *second* time, with additional care, and which yet leaves no impression on the mind, even after a *third* reading. Perspicuity relates both to arrangement and style, and in both conduces to imprint the subject on the mind, and to annex to it clearer and more luminous ideas. Perspicuity of arrangement can rarely be obtained by a rapid writer, since it requires the situation of whole paragraphs to be changed; but then when it has been sufficiently attended to, every part of the work reflects lustre on the rest—the chain of reasoning is clearly perceived, the scope of the subject readily retained, and the particular arguments accurately remembered. All these advantages are assisted and embellished when perspicuity extends also to style, which demands a strict attention to grammatical construction, and the specifick meaning of words. To attain this distinguished perspicuity, it is not only necessary that the common rules of grammar should not be violated, or the principles of syntax disregarded; but that all the niceties of construction should be punctiliously attended to, as they conduce even more to perspicuity than they do to elegance.

PHILANTUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biography, says an Oxford scholar, is a branch of history, which, in point of importance and moral utility, ranks as high as any. The biographer, by his accurate researches supplies the deficiencies of the historian. What the latter gives us only in outlines and sketches, the former presents in more complete and highly finished portraits.

The name of VIRGIL is sufficient to ensure the attention of the reader.

About seventy years before Christ, the birth of Publius Virgilius Maro gave celebrity to Andes, a small village near Mantua. His education was begun at the neighbouring town of Cremona, a place remarkable for the formation of taste and the exercise of talents; and completed at Milan, the seat of all the ingenuous arts.

When the republican forces, under Brutus and Cassius, had experienced a fatal defeat at Philippi, and lands were divided amongst the soldiers of the conquerors, all the property of Virgil was included in the forfeiture.

This apparently unfortunate event was the cause of his future prosperity and eminence. In his distress he

wisely repaired to Rome, solicited and obtained the patronage of Mæcenas, by whose means and those of Asinius Pollio, he obtained an introduction to the Emperour Augustus, and was shortly after favoured with the restoration of his estate. By the liberality of his imperial patron and his courtiers, his circumstances soon became affluent.

It is almost unnecessary to observe of a writer, who is in the hand of every schoolboy, that his works are pastoral, agricultural, and epick.

In all his poems, criticks have declared him to be a plagiarist. Besides his acknowledged imitations of Homer, they have accused him of borrowing from Ennius, Pacuvius, and Accius, as well as from his contemporaries Lucretius, Catullus, and Varius. Macrobius says, that his second book of the Æneid, which contains the fine description of the sack of Troy, was borrowed almost word for word from a Greek poet whose works are lost, and whose name was Pisander.

The first production of Virgil was his Bucolicks, consisting of ten Eclogues, written in imitation of the Idyllia of Theocritus, begun in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and completed in three years.

It has been observed, that there is such an incongruity between the simple ideas of the swain and the polished language of the courtier, as to render it very difficult to reconcile them by any arts of composition; that the Dorick dialect of Theocritus must ever give to the Sicilian bard a preeminence in this species of poetry; that there are in the Bucolicks of Virgil the native manners and ideas without any of the rusticity of pastoral life.

Those criticks who give the preference to Virgil have said, that as he is more varied, he is also more elegant than Theocritus; that his shepherds have more spirit without ever having too much, that his harmony has an inexpressible charm, a mixture of sweetness and of art, which Horace considers with reason as a particular present which the Muses have made to him; that he interests more than the Sicilian poet in the sports and amours of his rusticks, and has no negligence or languor; that it is impossible to read these poems without committing them to memory, or at least without desiring to read them over and over again.

In attestation of the excellence of the Bucolicks, we are told that the Romans were so enamoured of them that they were frequently recited upon the stage, and that Cicero, hearing some of them, exclaimed, *Magnæ spes altera Romæ!*

His next composition was the Georgicks, the idea of which was taken from the Works and Days of Hesiod; but there is no other similarity than that of their common subject. Hesiod delivers his precepts of agriculture with the utmost simplicity: Virgil has embellished his work with all the dignity which sublime versification can bestow. It is addressed to Mæcenas, at whose request it was undertaken, and divided into four books. The first treats of ploughing; the second of planting; the third of cattle; and the fourth of bees, their food, polity, and diseases. The whole concludes with the beautiful episode of Aristæus and Eurydice. The Georgicks were written at Naples, and employed him seven years. Considered as didactick poems, and adapted to the climate of Italy, they have the highest claim to merit. As poetical compositions, their elevated style, the beauty of their similies, the sentiments interspersed in them, and the elegance of their diction, excite the admiration of every judicious reader. During four days which Augustus passed at Atella, on his return to Rome to refresh himself from fatigue after the battle of Actium, the Georgicks were read to him by the authour, who was occasionally relieved in his task by his friend Mæcenas.

It is suggested by Mr. Gibbon, that Augustus was highly delighted with the Georgicks from a motive less creditable both to himself and to the bard, than that of sound criticism and good taste. That he rejoiced in every thing which could reconcile his

soldiers to a peaceful life; and that the description given by Virgil of the repose and happiness of the country, gratified him as a politician, when he perceived the effect which it produced on the veterans of his army.

They insensibly became enamoured of the innocent and useful employments of agriculture, and waited with patience for a long course of years before the Emperour had established a treasury to repay them for their military toils.

In this instance, poetry, like musick had "charms to sooth the savage breast;" and while it conveyed the soundest precepts of a useful art, was subservient to the most important purposes of the state.

The poems of Homer, and the laws of the epick, which had been so ably formed and promulgated by Aristotle, were an advantage to Virgil in his composition of the Æneid, which few poets have had so favourable an opportunity to enjoy.

The Æneid was written at the particular desire of Augustus, who was ambitious of having the Julian family represented as lineal descendants of the Trojan Æneas. The character of the hero of the poem has been said to be faulty on account of its coldness; that he was never warmed or impassioned, although perpetually in tears or at prayers; that his desertion of Dido is neither gallant nor heroick; that the description of the sports in the fifth book refrigerates the reader; and that the last six books deserve to be generally condemned. The foundation of a state which was to be the cradle of Rome, and the arrival of a stranger announced by ancient oracles, who disputed with a prince for the daughter of a king to whom that prince was betrothed, are the subjects of them. The different people of Italy divide between the two rivals, and raise in the reader an expectation of action and of interest. But what is the result? In place of these we find a monarch who is not master of his house, and has not a will of his own; who after having received the Trojans with cordiality, permits his queen and intended son-in-law to carry on the war against them, and shuts himself up in his palace that he may take no part in it; Lavinia too, a mere mute, although the deadly contest is on her account; and the queen after the defeat of the Latins commits suicide, but excites no pity. Turnus is killed by Æneas without producing the least interest in the victory of the one or in the fall of the other. That the battles are an abridgment of those of Homer, with less diffusiveness, but with less fire also, and resemble petty skirmishes amidst barbarous colonies. That in the seventh book the poet carries us into a new world, and introduces us to personages absolutely unknown; Ufens, Tarchon and Mezentius are very different from Ajax, Hector and Diomed; and the antiquities of Italy, which flattery induced him to penetrate, are as obscure as those of Greece are illustrious. That the transient interest we feel in favour of the young Pallas the son of Evander, of Lausus the son of Mezentius, of Camilla the queen of the Volscians, cannot compensate for the want of that general interest which ought to move the whole machine of the epick.

If posterity, severely just, take cognisance of these defects, still sufficient merit remains in the Æneid to entitle its authour to the appellation of the prince of Latin poets, which his contemporaries bestowed upon him.

The second, fourth and sixth books are universally regarded as the most finished performances which epick poetry ever produced in any nation.

The filial piety and misfortunes of Æneas, after the catastrophe of Troy, strongly interest the reader in his subsequent adventures. The picture of that city in flames can never be enough admired.

The character of Dido appertains entirely to the authour, and has no model in all antiquity.

The prophetick rage of the Cumæan Sibyl displays the enthusiasm of the poet.

The episode of Nisus and Euryalus, that of the funeral of Pallas, and that of the buckler of Æneas, are the perfection of the art of painting.

Virgil is not more conspicuous for strength of description than propriety of sentiment, and when he takes a hint from the Grecian bard, he does not fail to improve upon it.

One instance may suffice.

In the sixth book of the Iliad, while the Greeks are making great slaughter amongst the Trojans, Hector, by the advice of Helena, retires into the city to desire that his mother would offer up prayers to the goddess Pallas, and promise her a noble sacrifice if she would drive Diomed from the walls of Troy. Immediately before his return to the field of battle, Hector has his last interview with Andromache, whom he meets with his infant son, Astyanax. Here occurs one of the most beautiful scenes of the Iliad, where the hero takes the boy in his arms, and pours forth a prayer that he may one day be superiour in fame to his father. In the same manner Æneas, having armed himself for the decisive combat with Turnus, addresses his son Ascanius in a beautiful speech, which, while it is expressive of the strongest paternal affection, contains a noble and emphatick admonition suitable to a youth who had nearly attained the period of manhood.

He certainly owed much of his excellence to the wonderful powers of Homer. His susceptible imagination was captivated by amiable traits of the Odyssey, and warmed by the fire of the Iliad. Improving the characters of the gods, he sustains their dignity with so uniform a lustre that they seem truly divine.

Mr. Gibbon observes, " that the more we know antiquity, the more we admire the art of this poet." His subject was narrow. The flight of a band of exiles, the combat of some villagers, the establishment of an ill-fortified town; these are the travels, so much vaunted, of the pious Æneas. But the poet has ennobled them, and he well knew by ennobling them how to render them the more interesting. He embellished the manners of the heroick ages, but he embellished without disguising them. Father Latinus and the seditious Turnus are transformed into powerful monarchs. All Italy feared for its liberty. Æneas triumphs over men and gods.

" He never seems more master of his art than when descended to the shades below with his hero: his imagination appears to be enfranchised: Romulus and Brutus, Scipio and Cæsar, show themselves there such as Rome admired or feared them.

It adds much to the celebrity of Homer, that he wrote in an age when the intellect was not generally improved by cultivation, and that he was indebted for his inexhaustible resources to the capacity of his own mind.

Virgil, on the contrary, lived in a period when literature had attained to a high state of improvement. Perhaps Homer lived and died in a state of poverty; Virgil was enabled by the affluence of his circumstances to allot twelve years to the composition of his Æneid, which even at his death was unfinished, and by a pious neglect of the dying injunctions of its authour, rescued from the destruction to which he destined it. The wish of the poet for the destruction of his work probably arose from his perceiving it to want uniformity, and unity. Had he lived, he would either have connected or obliterated the detached parts of the latter books.

A remarkable circumstance respecting the character of Virgil as a poet is the equable perfection of his style. It is at once the delight and despair of all who esteem and cultivate Latin poetry.

Where is the scholar, mature in years and judgment, who does not admire the colouring and the variety of his pictures, and that unvaried harmony, which does not only play upon the ear but penetrates to the soul? If he do not equal Homer in invention or in the richness of imagination in the aggregate, it has by some been contended that he surpasses him in the splendour of certain passages, in correctness, and in taste.

In the perusal of this fine poem, there is no part which strikes the reader more forcibly than the descent of Æneas to the shades below; and the effect it produces on the mind would be much less powerful if we were to assent to the hypothesis of a very learned critick, Dr. Warburton, that it is only a figurative description of the initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries.

Every one of the circumstances of the descent convinces Mr. Gibbon, that Virgil describes a real not a mimick world; and that the scene lay in the infernal regions, and not in the temple of Ceres. The singularity of the Cumæan shores, the lake Avernus, the black woods which surrounded it when Virgil came to Naples, were suited to gratify the superstition of the people. It was generally believed that this dreadful flood was the entrance of hell, and an oracle was established on its banks, which pretended by magick rites to call up the departed spirits. The conversation between Æneas and the priestess may convince us that this was a descent to the shades, and not an initiation. "*Facilis descensus Averni,*" &c.

That every step may lead us to the grave is a truth, but the mysteries were open only a few days in the year. The descent of the mysteries was laborious and dangerous; the return to light easy and certain; but in real death this order is inverted. If we consider the awful scene as a mimick show exhibited in the temple of Ceres by the contrivance of the priest or the legislator, all that was terrible or pathetick disappears at once; the melancholy Palinurus, the wretched Deiphobus, the indignant Dido, and the venerable Anchises, "*tenuem sine viribus umbram.*"

The strictures of that able critick, Mr. Gibbon, on the fanciful and ingenious position of the bishop contained in his miscellaneous tracts, are worthy the attention of every scholar; and there will probably be few readers whom he does not convince, that the opinion which is opposite to his own would deprive the Mantuan bard of a large portion of his deserved praise, as it would tend to make the spirit of one of the finest parts of the Æneid entirely evaporate in lifeless allegory.

Virgil is said to have received two thousand pounds from Octavia, the sister of the emperour, for the incomparable verses in which he introduces the name of her son Marcellus, whom she had lately lost. If this were the conduct of a courtier, how untrue is he to himself when he represents his hero assisting the Etruscans to punish their former tyrant Mezentius: Mr. Gibbon thinks that "such opinions, published by one who has been esteemed the creature of Augustus, show that, though the republick was subverted, the minds of the Romans were still republican." He is also of opinion that, had this part of the work been recited before the court, the reward given him for his former compliments to the reigning family would have been withholden.

In every point of view Virgil appears to advantage as a writer; it is undeniable that he does not merely recite the labours of rusticks or an uninteresting story of travels, but is a new Orpheus, whose lyre induces savages to depose their ferocity, and whose hero unites them by the ties of manners and of laws.

Æneas is the minister of celestial vengeance, the protector of oppressed nations, who launches thunder on the head of the guilty tyrant, but is softened by the unfortunate victim of his fury, the young and pious Lausus, worthy of a better father and a more propitious destiny.

Virgil determined to correct his poem, which he polished with a scrupulous and painful accuracy at Athens the renowned seat of eloquence and philosophy. In the delightful gardens of Epicurus, he conceived that he should have full leisure to complete an immortal work, but the arrival of Augustus from the East frustrated his design; and on his return to Rome with his imperial patron, he was seized with sickness at Megara, and expired at Brundusium in the fifty-second year of his age. The place

of his interment; and his tomb still exists within two miles of Naples near the road to Puteoli.

He is said to have written an inscription for his monument, which in two simple lines tells the place of his nativity and his burial, together with the subject of his poems. But the verses are so unworthy of his muse that they probably are spurious.

His fortune he divided between the emperour and his minister, and his friends Varius, Plotius, and Tucca. These bequests, the unsuspicious testimonies of gratitude and friendship, evince the goodness of his heart; and the proofs which posterity have received of the excellence of his understanding, and the correctness of his taste, will be acknowledged by them as long as learning shall be hallowed, and superiour talents regarded with admiration.

Lives and Characters of eminent Greek Writers.

XENOPHON:

An eminent general, philosopher, and historian was born at Athens; and became early a disciple of Socrates, who is said by Strabo to have saved his life in battle.

At the 50th year of his age he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus, and accomplished his celebrated retreat in fifteen months.

The jealousy of the Athenians banished him from his native city for engaging in the service of Sparta and Cyrus. He therefore retired to Scillus, a town of Elis; where he built a temple to Diana, and devoted his leisure to philosophy and rural sports.

Commotions arising in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is said to have composed his Grecian history, and to have died at the age of 90, in the year 360 B. C.

His works are written with great exactness, and flow with a transparent clearness, a native purity and sweetness that are the very quintessence of Attick elegance. The best editions are those of Franckfort and Oxford.

His Cyropædia seems to be a philosophical romance rather than a history; in which the simplicity of the Persian manners affords an excellent moral lecture. The character of Cyrus is well delineated, breathing an air of humanity and justice that is seldom to be met with: his death-bed speech is particularly excellent; and the story of Panthea is so striking, natural and well told, that it affords the reader as much pleasure as any the finest tragedy in the world.

His Memorabilia Socratis are rather in a dry style; but yet they are an exact picture of the life and conversation of that divine man; even more so than the dialogue of Plato, who has intermixed a good deal of his own; and gives more scope to his imagination than Xenophon.

His Anabasis, or Retreat of the 10,000, which he himself conducted, and wrote, has been compared to Cæsar's Commentaries; but seems to have some faults. It is too uniform and regular, and not written in the easy manner of memoirs, such as those of Julius Cæsar. It must, indeed, be allowed to possess much beauty of diction and mastery in eloquence; both in particular descriptions, and several good harangues.

But Xenophon, in this work, is observed to be vain: he talks too much of himself, and omits no opportunity to set forth a certain Athenian to the best advantage. He praises, though with great address and delicacy, his moderation and evenness of temper, his resolution and foresight and undaunted courage; his religion and eloquence, &c. &c. His own harangues are always extremely laboured, and never fail of producing their effect. In a word, with all the veil of the most refined modesty with which he palliates and endeavours to cover his own praises, he is himself the hero of the piece, drawn indeed with masterly art and delicacy; but, under this veil, lurks a concealed vanity, which one would not have expected from a man of the first abilities, and one of the chief ornaments of the Socratick school.

Cæsar, in my opinion, evinced a higher soul, by talking always of himself with a peculiar reserve and modesty; and never but when he ought. Yet I would not hence conclude, that the latter was a better man than the former; for perhaps Cæsar, under a veil of greater modesty, concealed a greater pride and a higher ambition.

I am rather inclined to agree with Cicero, when he says, (among other high encomiums on Xenophon), that his Praise of Agesilaus and Œconomicks alone, are such pictures and images of excellence as none but the best of men could describe, and the best of men practise.

Even this same vanity which we condemn in the character of Xenophon, is somewhat palliated, though not excused, when we consider it as incident to other men of great eminence.

Cicero was full of it; and for all his philosophy, managed it with much less delicacy than Xenophon.

Diogenes, and all the rest of the cynical sect, were exceedingly proud and conceited; although they can boast of no kind of comparison with the agreeable and smiling philosophy of Xenophon.

Lucretius, the great champion of Atheism, boasts, in the most ostentatious manner of his *aurea dicta* and glorious doctrines borrowed from Epicurus; whom he celebrates as another sun arisen to enlighten a darkened world.

Sully, in his Memoirs of Henry the fourth of France, often speaks of himself with a degree of vanity and ostentation; and cardinals Richelieu and de Retz were both vain men, though great politicians, but of much less honesty than Sully. Indeed cardinal de Retz saw his follies at last, and candidly confessed his faults.

It were endless to mention instances both among men of learning and men of business and of the world, guilty of this most insinuating and prevalent of all passions, vanity; and which is the more to be lamented as it is often combined with great parts; though from many instances to the contrary, both ancient and modern, and from the most natural reflections on human nature, we may conclude, that it is seldom or never prevalent with men of the greatest parts. Modesty, on the contrary, is their characteristick. I instance Homer, Socrates, Plato and Virgil, among the ancients; and Shakspeare, Bacon, Boyle,* Milton and Newton, out of a hundred instances, among the moderns.

ARISTOTLE:

This chief of the Peripatetick philosophers was born at Stagyra, a small city in Macedon, in the 99th Olympiad, about 384 years B. C.

He went to Plato's school at 18, and studied till he was 37. He differed from his master in several tenets; which produced their separation, and Aristotle set up a school for himself in the Lycæum. As he gave his doctrines walking along among his auditors, his sect assumed the name of Peripateticks. He died in his 63d year; two years after Alexander.

His genius seems to have been of the most comprehensive kind; various, acute, and penetrating; but logical, dry and didactick. He was an excellent rhetorician and critick; a natural philosopher of the first rank; and, on every subject he composed like a master. He wrote also of law, politicks, and poetry; and even composed in the latter art no mean poem.

The fault of his style is, that it affects extreme conciseness which renders it difficult and obscure. His Art of Poetry, alone, has afforded subject for volumes of commentaries.

ARRIAN:

Xenophon's style, which is elegantly simple, was followed as a model by many succeeding writers. But, of all others, Arrian, the disciple of Epictetus, who flourished under the emperour Adrian, copied his manner with most exactness and merit.

Resembling his master, in being a philosopher, a general and an historian,

* Sir Robert Boyle was among the first revivers of experimental philosophy: he was a great and good man, and remarkable for modesty.

he wrote the campaigns of Alexander the Great in seven books, in imitation of Xenophon, who composed those of Cyrus in the same number.

The beautiful simplicity with which this history is written, together with the fidelity of the narration, makes it highly interesting.

Swift, who was not the most easy man in the world to please in his reading, mentions, in a letter to Mrs. Johnstone, his having read over in an evening after coming home from a visit, 200 pages of this book.

The Enchiridion of Epictetus, said likewise to be composed by Arrian, is as remarkable for the beauty of its style, as for its morality. With what pleasure and profit have I often perused this excellent little book that contains such valuable maxims, both of moral and prudential conduct, expressed with such conciseness as the memory easily retains, such happy allusions as delight the imagination, and such justness and good sense as gain at once the assent of the understanding!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

Aurora, now summon the lads of the course,
Ye hunters from slumb'ring arise;
Behold how the sun in full splendour beams forth,
How ruddy and bright seem the skies!
Then mount your fleet steed—to the meadows repair,
No pleasure surpasses the sight of the hare.

The sluggard that dozes his life-time away,
And censures the joys we partake;
May strut for a while in the sunshine of day,
But we deem his bliss—a mistake!
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming health marks the face,
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the chace.

The foppling may boast of his BEAUTY and ease,
And play with his mistress's fan;
Let him look in his glass—the reflection may please,
Tho' he's more an ape than a man!
Unkennel the hounds, to the meadows repair,
And let us, enraptur'd, give chace to the hare.

Thro' life we some kind of a pastime pursue,
The statesman will dwell on the laws;
The critick will tell you what learning can do,
While the lawyer will gain a bad cause,
But we more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,
And taste true delight in a jug of mild ale!

Diana commands—now ye sportsmen arise,
The huntsman the summons proclaim;
Away to the woods, where the fox closely lies,
The scent is now fresh on the plain,
Since the sun gilds the east, and the morning is bright,
Let the sports of the day crown with rapture the night.

—

"Do you really, in your conscience," said an Englishman to a Scotchman, "imagine that the Forth is a finer river than the Thames?"—"The Thames!" exclaimed the north Briton, "why my dear sir, the Thames at London is a mere gutter in comparison of the Frith of Forth at Edinburgh."—"I suppose, then," said the Englishman, "that you do not approve of the view of Windsor castle?"—"I ask your pardon," replied the other, "I approve it very much—it is an exceeding pretty kind of a prospect: the country appears from it as agreeable to the sight as any plain flat country, crowded with trees and intersected by inclosures, can well do; but I own I am of opinion, that mere fertile fields, woods, rivers, and meadows can never perfectly satisfy the eye."—"You imagine, no doubt," said the Englishman, "that a few heath-covered mountains and rocks embellish a country very much?"—"I am precisely of that opinion," said the Scot; "and you will as soon convince me that a woman may be completely beautiful with fine eyes, good teeth, and a fair complexion, though she should not have a nose on her face, as that a landscape or country can be completely beautiful without a mountain."—"What do you think," said the Englishman, "of the palace of St. James's?—"It is," exclaimed the

Scot, "a scandal to the nation; it is both a shame and a sin, that so great a monarch as the King of Scotland, England, and Ireland, with his royal family, should live in a shabby old cloister, hardly good enough for monks. The palace of Holyrood-house, indeed is a residence fit for a king."—"And the gardens—pray what sort of gardens have you belonging to that palace?" said the Englishman; "I have been told you do not excel in those."—"But we excel in gardeners," replied the other, "which are as much preferable as the creator is preferable to the created."—"I am surprised, however," rejoined the south Briton, "that in a country like yours, where there are so many creators, so very few fruit gardens are created."—"Why, sir, it is not to be expected," said the Scotchman, "that any one country will excel in every thing. Some enjoy a climate more favourable for peaches, and vines, and nectarines; but by G——, sir, no country on earth produces better men and women than Scotland."—"I dare say, none does," replied the other: "so as France excels in wine, England in wool and oxen, Arabia in horses, and other countries in other animals, you imagine Scotland excels all others in the human species."—"What I said, sir, was, that the human species in no country excelled those in Scotland."—"You will then permit me to observe," said the Englishman, "that men being its staple commodity, it must be owned that Scotland carries on a brisk trade of *exportation;* you will find Scotchmen in all the countries of the world."—"So much the better for all the countries of the world," said the Scotchman; "for every body knows that the Scotch cultivate and improve the arts and sciences where-ever they go. But there are various reasons," continued he, "for so many of my countrymen sojourning in London: that city is now in some measure the capital of Scotland as well as of England. Upon the whole, the advantages which England derives from the union are manifest."—"I shall be obliged to you," said the Englishman, "if you will enumerate a few of them."—"Has she not," resumed the Scot, "has she not greatly increased in wealth since that time? Has she not acquired a million and half of subjects? Has she not acquired security? There is no door open now, sir, by which the French can enter into your country: they dare as soon be d—— as attempt to invade Scotland. Without a perfect union with Scotland, England could not enjoy the principal benefit she derives from her insular situation."—"Not till Scotland should be subdued," said the Englishman.—"Subdued!" repeated the astonished Scot; "let me tell you, sir, that it is a very strange hypothesis; if you are conversant in history you will find, that after the decline of the Roman empire, the course of conquest was from the *north to the south.*"—"You mean," said the south Briton, "that Scotland would have conquered England."—"Sir," replied the other, "I think the English as brave a nation as ever existed, and therefore I will not say that the Scotch are braver; but I am sure, that rather than submit, they would try to subdue the English, and you will admit that the trial would be no advantage to either country."—"Although I am fully convinced," said the Englishman, "how the experiment would end, I should be sorry to see it made."—"Yet, sir, there are people of your country, as I am told, who endeavour to exasperate the minds of the inhabitants of one part of Great Britain against the natives of the other, and to create dissensions between two countries whose mutual safety depends on their good agreement; two countries whom nature herself, by separating them from the rest of the world, and encircling them with her azure bond of union, seems to have intended for one."—"I do assure you, my good sir," said the English gentleman, "I am not of the number of those who wish to raise such dissension. I love the Scotch; I always thought them a sensible and gallant people."—"You are a man of honour and discernment," said the Caledonian, seizing him eagerly by the hand; "and

I protest without prejudice or partiality, that I never knew a man of that character who was not of your way of thinking."

—

A SCHOOL ECLOGUE.

EDWARD.

Hist, Henry! hist! what means that air so gay?
Thy looks, thy dress, bespeak some holyday;
Thy hat is brush'd; thy hands with wond-'rous pains,
Are cleans'd from garden mould and inky stains;
Thy glossy shoes confess the lacquey's care;
And recent from the comb shines thy sleek hair.
* What god, what saint, this prodigy has wrought?
Declare the cause; and ease my lab'ring thought.

HENRY.

John, faithful John, is with the horses come,
Mamma prevails, and I am sent for home.

EDWARD.

† Thrice happy who such welcome tidings greet!
Thrice happy who reviews his native seat!
For him the matron spreads her candy'd hoard,
And early strawberries crown the smiling board;
For him crush'd gooseberries with rich cream combine,
And bending boughs their fragrant fruit resign:
Custards and syllabubs his taste invite;
Sports fill the day, and feasts prolong the night.
‡ Think not I envy, I admire thy fate;
‖ Yet ah! what different tasks thy comrades wait!
Some in the gammar's thorny maze to toil,
Some with rude strokes the snowy paper soil,
Some o'er barbarick climes in maps to roam,
Far from their mother-tongue, and dear-loved home,
Harsh names, of uncouth sound, their memories load,
And oft their shoulders feel the unpleasant goad.

WILLIAM.

Doubt not our turn will come some future time.
Now Harry hear us twain contend in rhyme,
For yet thy horses have not eat their hay,
And unconsum'd as yet th' allotted hour of play.

HENRY.

** Then spout alternate, I consent to hear,
Let no false rhyme offend my critick ear;
But say, what prizes shall the victor hold?
I guess your pockets are not lin'd with gold!

WILLIAM.

A ship these hands have built, in ev'ry part
Carv'd, rigg'd, and painted, with the nicest art;
The ridgy sides are black with pitchy store,
From stem to stern 'tis twice ten inches o'er,
The lofty mast, a strait, smooth hazel fram'd,
The tackling, silk, the Charming Sally nam'd;
And—but take heed lest thou divulge the tale
The lappet of my shirt supply'd the sail;
An azure ribband for a pendant flies:
Now, if thy verse excel, be this the prize.

EDWARD.

For me at home the careful housewives make,
With plums and almonds rich, an ample cake.
Smooth is the top, a plain of shining ice,
The west its sweetness gives, the east its spice:
From soft Ionian isles, well known to fame,
Ulysses' once, the luscious currant came.
The green transparent citron Spain bestows,
And from her golden groves the orange glows.
So vast the heaving mass, it scarce has room
Within the oven's dark capacious womb;
'Twill be consign'd to the next carrier's care,
I cannot yield it all—be half thy share.

WILLIAM.

Well does the gift thy liquorish palate suit,
* I know who robb'd the orchard of its fruit,
When all were rapt in sleep, one early morn,
While yet the dewdrop trembled on the thorn,
I mark'd when o'er the quickset hedge you leapt,
† And, sly, beneath the gooseberry bushes crept;
Then shook the trees, a show'r of apples fell,
And, where the hoard you kept, I know full well;
The mellow gooseberries did themselves produce,
For thro' thy pocket oozed the viscous juice.

EDWARD.

I scorn a tell-tale, or I could declare
How, leave unask'd, you sought the neighbouring fair;
Then home by moonlight spurred your jaded steed,
And scarce returned before the hour of bed.
Think how thy trembling heart had felt affright,
Had not our master supped abroad that night.

---

* Sed tamen, ille Deus qui sit, da Tityre nobis.
† Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota.
‡ Non equidem invideo, miror magis.
‖ At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros,
Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem.
** Alternis dicetis.

* Non ego, te vidi, Damonis——
† ——Tu post carecta latebas.

WILLIAM.

On the smooth white-washed ceiling near thy bed,
Mixed with thy own, is Anna's cypher read;
From wreaths of dusky smoke the letters flow;
Whose hand the waving candle held, I know.
Fines and jobations shall thy soul appal,
Whene'er our mistress spies the sully'd wall.

EDWARD.

Uncon'd her lesson once, in idle mood,
Trembling before the master, Anna stood:
I marked what prompter near her took his place,
And, wispering, sav'd the virgin from disgrace;
Much is the youth bely'd, and much the maid,
Or more than words the whisper soft convey'd.

WILLIAM.

Think not I blush to own so bright a flame,
Even boys for her assume the lover's name;
* As far as alleys beyond taws we prize,
Or venison pastry ranks above school pies;
As much as peaches beyond apples please,
Or Parmesan excels a Suffolk cheese:
Or P—— donkeys lag behind a steed,
So far do Anna's charms all other charms exceed.

EDWARD.

Tell, if thou canst, where is that creature bred,
Whose wide-stretch'd mouth is larger than its head;
† Guess, and my great Apollo thou shalt be,
And cake and ship shall both remain with thee.

WILLIAM.

Explain thou first, what portent late was seen,
With strides impetuous, posting o'er the green,
Three heads, like Cerberus, the monster bore,
And one was sidelong fix'd, and two before;
Eight legs, depending from his ample sides,
Each well-built flank unequally divides;
For five on this, on that side three are found,
Four swiftly move, and four not touch the ground.
Long time the moving prodigy I view'd,
By gazing men, and barking dogs pursu'd.

HENRY.

Cease! cease your carols both! for lo! the bell
With jarring notes, has rung out Pleasure's knell;
Your startled comrades, e'er the game be done,
Quit their unfinish'd sports, and trembling run.
Haste to your forms before the master call!
With thoughtful step he paces o'er the hall;
Does with stern looks each playful loiterer greet,
Counts with his eye, and marks each vacant seat;
Intense, the buzzing murmur grows around,
Loud, thro' the dome, the usher's strokes resound.
Sneak off, and to your places slily steal,
Before the prowess of his arm you feel.

* Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ.

† Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

I remember a young gentleman, whom a strong and retentive memory of battles and sieges, often set a prating very mal à propos. One of his companions expressed much surprise at his knowledge, and wondered how he had laid up such a store. "Why, truly," replied he, with great frankness, "it is all owing to my bungling blockhead of a valet, who takes up such an unconscionable time in dressing my hair, that I am glad to read to keep me from fretting; and there are no newspapers or magazines to be had in this country. I have been driven to history, which answers nearly as well.

Dr. Moore.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Dear Euphemia, why has heaven
The "breath of life" to mortals given,
And spirit from above?
Dear Euphemia, lend thine ear;
I will whisper—thou shalt hear;
We only live to love.

Love is the good that God bestows
Amongst a thousand heavy woes,
Upon the human race;
For life itself would be a curse,
And earth a hell, or something worse,
Without this sweet solace.

Ah! who would be the sport of fate,
In this forlorn and stupid state
Of dull existence here;
A prey to sorrow, toil and pain,
To cares and fears—a ghastly train?
If love should disappear?

When we are sunk in deep distress,
When sorrow, toil and fears oppress,
'Tis Love affords relief.
'Tis Love dispels the gloom of care,
Shakes off the torpor of despair
And calms the bursts of grief.

Who would wish to see the sun
In his eternal circuit run,
Dispensing gaudy light!
To see the stars in armies rise,
And take their stations o'er the skies
On each succeeding night?

Or who could bear to see the moon
Repair her wasted orb so soon
In her accustom'd way?
Or still to see the rolling year,
When finished once, again appear,
And round the seasons play?

Or who would hear the trump of fame,
The ruthless deeds of war proclaim,
And talk of thousands slain;
Or tell when fate decrees a peace,
And bids the bloody conflict cease,
And kindle war again?

Say who could bear this endless round,
Where nothing but the *same* is found
Around, below, above?
Once having viewed these objects o'er,
Ah! who would wish to view them more,
Without the sweets of love?

The wandering course let Herschell trace
Of planets in ethereal space,
Or solar spots descry;
Two lovely eyes are brighter far,
Than Venus or the Georgian star,
Revolving in the sky!

But, dear Euphemia, walk with me,
We 'll view the stars as well as he,
And talk their wonders o'er!
We 'll talk of worlds in other spheres,
Where we shall dry our bitter tears,
And love for evermore!

Let those who will, admire the plain,
Where Ceres spreads her waving grain,
In gay, luxuriant pride:
Or let them climb the mountains high,
Where boundless prospects meet the eye
Of vales and rivers wide.

To me dejected and alone,
Let no romantick scenes be shown
To rouse the listless mind;
The wonders of the earth and skies
Pass like a dream before my eyes,
And leave no trace behind!

But let Euphemia hold my arm,
E'en barren rocks have power to charm,
And savage hills shall smile:
Elysian scenes of bliss shall rise,
And deserts bloom like Paradise,
Or some enchanted isle!

'Tis love that sends those pleasing dreams,
To those who muse by silver streams,
Or under shady trees;
Love gives a charm to myrtle bowers,
And lends a fragrance to the flowers,
And freshness to the breeze.

No longer, dearest girl delay,
Alas! the powers of life decay,
And frozen age comes on;
And thou thy folly shalt bewail,
When scenes of joy and pleasure fail;
And days of love are gone!

Ah! why that form divinely fair,
And why that mild, enchanting air,
Those sweet seducing wiles?
And why that glance of fond desire,
That eye that speaks a soul of fire,
Those heart-subduing smiles?

Why does thy breast with ardour glow?
Why dost thou look and languish so,
Consumed by hidden fire?
Why should thy bosom heaving high,
Present Elysium to my eye,
And kindle mad desire?

Like Moses on the mount I stand,
And view afar the promis'd land;
But never must be there!
Did I not looks and blushes see?
Didst thou not smile, and smile on me?
And must I still despair?

Oh! hide thy soul-transporting charms!
Or let me sink within thine arms,
In wild delirious joy?
Wilt thou, as Syrens did of old,
The story as by HOMER told,
Allure and then destroy?

PHILANTUS.

February 15*th.* 1807.

—

For The Port Folio.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

Seek not in publick places for a wife,
Be not deluded by the charms of sight,
Retirement only yields the friend for life,
Who shares your grief and doubles your delight.

When orient rays within your curtains peep,
And on her roseate face enliv'ning play,
What joy to view her rous'd from peaceful sleep,
Unfold her eyes on you and welcome day.

What joy! to tend the plants her hand has rear'd,
To trace their foliage and their various hues,
Some by affecting incidents endear'd—
Some by distinction of the moral muse.

What joy! to see your children gambol wild,
Or hear them prattle, with remarks acute,
To blend amusement with instruction mild
"And teach the young idea how to shoot."

What joy! at evening, daily duties done,
To saunter with your lov'd to Prospect Hill

And catch the glories of the setting sun;
Till wand'ring "Contemplation has her fill."

Now as you homeward bend your musing way,
Whilst fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.
What joy! to hear her quote the pensive Gray,
Or name some fav'rite authour for the night.

What joy! that during day she leisure found,
To give industrious poverty relief,
To pour her balm into Affliction's wound,
To wipe the tear from furrowed cheeks of Grief.

Such are the joys a rural wife bestows,
Each hour displaying something to admire,
But most her goodness with affection flows,
Should you (her first, last thought) her aid require.

See her, when sickness lays you faint in bed,
Gently remove the candle's painful glare,
And cautious walk with softly stealing tread,
Your med'cine or nutrition to prepare.

Her soothing accents charm away your pains,
Her gay encouragement your fears beguiles;
And tho' her mind a widow's thoughts sustains,
Her looks beam confidence with cheering smiles.

All day, all night her eyelids never close,
But seated silent anxious by your side,
How every breath is watched, if chance you doze,
How quick, if restless, every want 's supplied.

When pitying heaven concedes her secret prayer
And threat'ning Death withdraws his brandished dart,
A tender sense of her assiduous care
More than her virgin charms shall win your heart.

Now view her with her group of pledges dear,
When on your pillow rais'd they round you stand;
Each glist'ning eye full of a rapturous tear
They press with glowing lips your withered hand.

Now "gathering up her young" lest you should feel
O'erpowered with joy, to nursery they move,
And there, by her example taught to kneel
Uplift their little hands in grateful love.

Song, musick, dancing and the flowing bowl,
Nay e'en the youthful, warm, enamoured kiss
Cannot so deeply interest the soul,
As this sweet scene of fond domestick bliss.

—

For The Port Folio.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

An imitation of Goldsmith's Country Schoolmaster.

Beneath yon willow's shade whose pendant boughs
Wave gently as the breathing zephyr blows,
There in his hall, where rogues and knaves resort,
The country justice holds his little court;
A man he is whose solemn visage shrouds
His folly from the view of gaping crowds:
Whose bold decrees with mangled Latin fraught,
For legal learning pass and solid thought.
Him trembling culprits eye, with fearful glance,
When they unwilling at his call advance;
They scan each gesture, every feature trace,
And read their fortune in his changing face.
Yet he is kind—(whene'er a bribe he sees)
And raises many a sinner from his knees—
Not that he e'er was of the numerous tribe
Who sell their judgment for "a paltry bribe."
His conscience ne'er will let him be at ease,
Till the bribe doubles, the conviction fees.
For half a league at least extends his fame,
'Tis certain he can read and write his name,
Judgments can sign, a bill of costs can draw,
And knows that murder is against the law.
In arguing too the neighbours own his strength,
None can surpass in noisiness and length.
Like rude barbarians rushing from the north
Whose number conquered more than warlike worth,
His words pour forth impetuous to the fight,
And Reason's regulars are put to flight.

O. P. Q.

EPITAPH,

On a gamester's tomb-stone.

Here lies the body of All Fours,
Who lost his money and lost his hours;
If sir you want to know his name,
'Tis High, and Low, and Jack, and Game.

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